

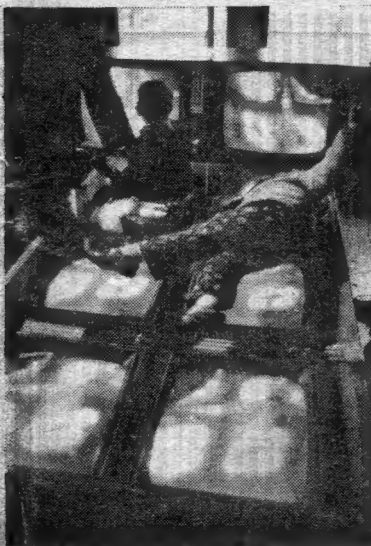
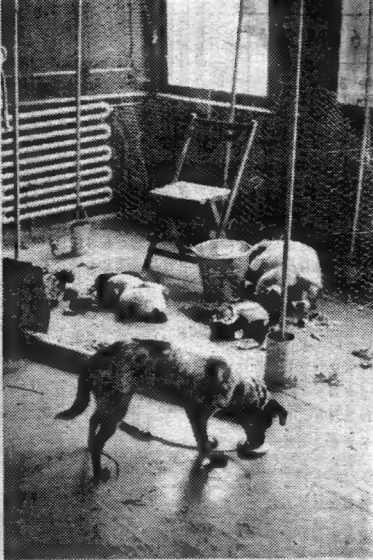
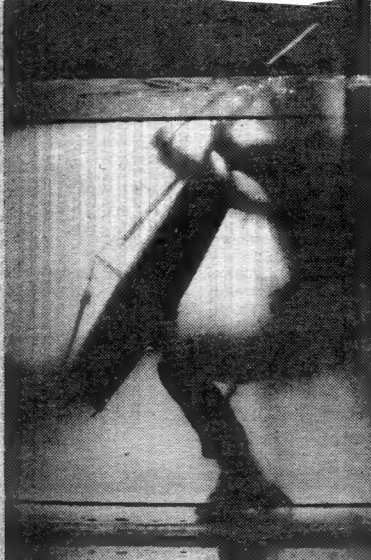
Video Bed

SCENES FROM AN AVANT-GARDE FESTIVAL

VX 11/2/72

(See page 31.)

Voice: Fred W. McDarrah



Video Bed

SCENES FROM AN AVANT-GARDE FESTIVAL

Voice: Fred W. McDarrah

VX 11/2/72

(See page 31.)

Elective Perplexities—see pages 6-10

thevillage

VOICE

20c

20c New York City; 35c U.S.
Copyright © 1972, The Village Voice Inc.

THE WEEKLY NEWSPAPER OF NEW YORK

• Vol. XVII, No. 44 • New York, N. Y. • Thursday, November 2, 1972



Voice: Fred W. McDarran

SCENES FROM AN AVANT-GARDE FESTIVAL
(See page 31.)

An election issue

The environment bond: Worse than nothing?

by Robin Reisig

"In six years we should be able to clean up the waters of New York State."

—Nelson Rockefeller, campaigning for the 1965 pure waters bond

You will be asked on the ballot next week: should the state spend more than \$1 billion for a bond "for the preservation, enhancement, restoration, and improvement of the quality of the state's environment"?

"It's motherhood. It's God, country, environment. We can't wait," the executive director of the coalition for the bond said. And as certainly as many voters are for motherhood, God and country, they will vote yes. And with as little deliberation as if the proposition were simply "are you for a good environment?"

But the pork-barreling proposition is not as simple as Rocky would have us believe. Almost every environmental group in the state has come out for the bond. But many staff members of these groups say privately that they plan to vote against it. "It's not easy to handle," said Rod Vandivert, an environmental consultant who is one of the very few environmentalists speaking on the record against the bill. "There's no blood on the carpet because it's a quiet seduction and not a rape." Some of the bond's projects are

Continued on page 42

Peace at hand? At last?

by Michael Harrington

It was nothing like V-J Day in 1945, that triumphant, orgasmic moment of release when Harry Truman announced in his homely Midwestern voice that the anti-fascist war was over. This time a confident Strangelovian with a resonant voice, a tic of throat-clearing, and a German accent told the nation that peace was at hand in Indochina. It was like hearing

that a friend had been rescued from a long, terrible illness by a merciful death. One was sad, thinking of the agony; one was happy that at least it was over.

But then it was even more ambiguous than that. For there are still negotiations and discussions, and our men in Saigon will most certainly plot to thwart any agreement. So it is impossible to cele-

brate; instead we have to organize to make Nixon and Kissinger live up to their word.

Assume, though, that the United States is going to live up to the bargain it has apparently made. What does that mean?

It means that Richard Nixon spent more than 20,000 American lives, and countless more Vietnamese lives,

Continued on page 44

Report from Vietnam

Waiting for peace

by Joseph Shea

SAIGON — The Vietnamese MP at Gate 2 of Tan Son Nhut Air Base didn't like the way his American counterpart was handling things. I'd been stopped as I left the civilian airport fresh from Singapore, and Smith, the American MP, had advised me to leave the cab and get a military taxi because some of the local cabs had been taking Americans into Saigon to get beaten up and robbed.

"Why do you do this?" the Vietnamese asked. "He is a civilian, and you have no control over civilians."

"I have control over American military," Smith said. "How do you know he's not military in civilian clothes?"

The Vietnamese smiled in anguish. "Look," he said, waving a pass from the driver, "the man has a card from Saigon."

"Tell him he can roll it up in a tight little wad and shove it," Smith said. "I have control over Americans, you have control over Vietnamese."

"I have control over civilians and Vietnamese," the MP retorted.

"The hell you do," Smith yelled.

The argument went on for a half-hour, with the Vietnamese MP threatening to call Smith's commanding officer and Smith offering to dial the number.

Finally I got a loan from another American and paid the driver and got a base taxi. But the incident set the tone for a peculiar kind of tension that has become widely visible in Saigon.

One GI, from a small town in North Dakota, waiting in a hotel for his pick-up's identity card to be cleared so he could take her to bed, said, "The only place I feel secure is on Tan Son Nhut. The rest is all hostile territory to me. I don't want to be in downtown



Voice: Fred W. McDarran

McGOVERN'S WOMEN last week in New York: Eleanor McGovern and Shirley MacLaine; Rose Kennedy; and Chita Rivera, Mama Cass, and Gwen Verdon.

Continued on page 14

TIMOTHY LEARY:
THE WORLD'S FIRST
SWISS ACTOR
(see page 89)

Avant Garde Festival

The underwater cellist: 'Push her further down!'

by Annette Kuhn

"When is Charlotte gonna do it?"

"What is she gonna do?"

"Play a cello under water."

"Oh sure."

And she did.

Charlotte Moorman, impresario for the avant-garde, has gotten together another of her annual anarchic spectacles, this time with aquatic undertones. The Alexander Hamilton, a five-level sightseeing boat moored at the South Street Seaport Museum, was the locale for this year's taste of avant-garde. I didn't find it so avant, but who cares. It was fun, as always. Here's how.

The fishy foul smell of the East River rose up as the rains came down Saturday afternoon on the Alexander Hamilton. Brayings, bleepings, and buzzes fill the ship. Events are setting up, doing over, driving out, and pulling in the many spectators who come despite the wet. More than 90 separate artists or groups are participating. There is no way to tell it like it really was, or seemed to be.

The purser's office of the ship, free standing in the middle of a deck, the ticket windows open. Inside, a batch of tellers, turn-of-the-century clothes, green eye

shades, piles of forms to be filled out, perform the elaborate and time-killing movements of bureaucracy. The careful five-minute hunt for a rubber band. The painful, exact procedure for filling out a form. We stand outside, looking in through the window grills. No slip out of role, not a smile at themselves. Bureaucratic self-absorption has become another ritual to be canonized by performance.

A turn-of-the-century couple sit on steamer trunks outside a ticket window. "Excuse me, but if I wanted to give your troupe a name, what would it be?" The woman clutches her parrot cage tighter and looks away. The time machine effect works momentarily. I am embarrassed.

Somewhere else on the ship is a cabin full of leaves piled knee-high. Children wallow in it. Nice. Or, many video screens lying on their back under a plexiglass top. Children lie on it, peering down like through a glass bottom boat. But they see video life down there, not marine life.

Further, a videotape of a 77-year-old hardware dealer, another tape of his store and stock. He talks about the lost virtues of an older America like only a man who helped them get lost can—with prejudice and passion. The

whole thing is a new journalism story on tape. Find a bigot, describe him and his wretched surroundings. Let him talk himself into a ridiculous hole, sit back and smile. Liberal voyeurism, but a good piece, because it has to do with reporting news with that "understanding" slant.

But except for that, there is too much video stuff everywhere. It's just not interesting. One tape playing on several machines had a Tina Turner performance running. The area was jammed, the music good, the Turner struttings were appreciated. But who wants to see Tina Turner on video in a place like this? It's nice that the video people got it all down, but home movie is home movie and it's an imposition on me. I don't like home movies.

Elsewhere, at a lunch counter a tuna sandwich and glass of milk are given out every hour. A man sits down with his hourly lunch. Many people take his picture. He eats away. The cameras begin to find each other more interesting. Everybody ends up shooting everybody else. Lens to lens.

The great event comes. Charlotte and her cello. There is a big tank of water, the super aquarium. Charlotte is in a day-glo diving suit, perching on the tank rim. Booker Washington, consultant, diver for International Underwater Contractors, fiddles and juggles the diving mask around. Charlotte's hair keeps getting into the exhale exhaust.

Finally Charlotte plunges into the tank, as the displaced water lunges over Booker Washington and all of us. The cello follows Charlotte in. More water comes

out. The photographers yell, "Push her down, push her further down," so they can get good shots of her and her cello all submerged in the tank. Booker Washington sprints his hand on her helmet and pushes. She's down, perfectly centered in the tank, plunking the cello guts with fingers and tapping with the bow. Five minutes later it's all over. Charlotte has played her cello in another impossible place.

A South Street Seaport Museum official takes a swig from his beer can and wipes the sweat from his forehead.

It's a sad moment. Ken Dewey and Tiger Morse, people important for their talent and imagination, are both dead and missed. The Brooklyn Bridge and downtown skyscrapers are shrouded in fog. An autumnal event.

What will Charlotte do for next year's festival?

classes of 4 starting now!

CLASSES LIMITED TO 4 STUDENTS
DAY AND EVENING COURSES
INTENSIVE CONVERSATION METHOD
NATIVE TEACHERS
RAVENS 16 DOUBLE LESSONS \$112
292 MADISON AVE (41st St) 25th Fl MU 5-7474
International School of Languages

SWIMMING & RECREATION AT THE Y

TOTS, TEENS, WOMEN
COED, FAMILIES
... 3 years of age and up!

Phone Social & Recreation Department
246 0023

YWCA WEST SIDE BRANCH
51st Street and Eighth Avenue

The GERANIUM School

An alternative high school
OPENINGS for students wanting an active program to express themselves. Student-chosen curricula; workshops in video; cinema, photo, art, drama. Portfolio in place of grades. Visit or call: 8 W. 19th St. 741-3470

The resolution of conflict in self is like the making one of opposites in art.—Eli Siegel

AESTHETIC REALISM SEMINARS

TERRAIN GALLERY, THURSDAYS, 6 P.M.

Nov. 2 HOW, AFTER ALL, SHOULD A WOMAN SEE A MAN? Conducted by The Three Persons: Berthe Bania, Margot Carpenter, Deborah Tarrow.
Nov. 9 WHAT IS IN COMMON AMONG ALL HOMOSEXUALS? Conducted by Consultation With Three: Roy Harris, Sheldon Kranz, Ted van Griethuysen.
Nov. 16 IS LOVE A ONENESS OF MEENESS AND BRAGGADOCIO? Conducted by First Person Plural: Ann K. Newman, Rebecca Thompson, Ellen Reiss.
Nov. 30 THE AGE-OLD PROBLEM OF THE YOUNG Conducted by The Young Mind: Jeffrey Carduner, Gary Krakauer, Robert Murphy.
39 Grove Street WA 4-4984 Contr. \$3.

Racial politics

Continued from preceding page
tive. It browbeats us into believing that racists have suddenly popped up in Richmond Hill, Canarsie, and Forest Hills, to muddy the clear waters of brotherhood. This is garbage. One remembers the Harlem protest riots of 1943 and 1917. One remembers the anti-draft riots of 1863, when blacks were lynched on sight in New York, a city with more Confederate sympathizers than any town north of Baltimore.

But what New York City did have was a sense of neighborhood integrity, where ethnic and racial groups could band together and

make themselves safe from people who didn't like them. This is the long tradition against which the social changes of the 1960s and 70's are working. It is normal that the steady disappearance of this tradition should produce tensions. What is despicable, however, is the way pseudo-missionary politicians and race-riot-hungry newspapers are exploiting those tensions. The chief casualty of this exploitation will be the ability of New Yorkers to learn how to relate to one another as people and not as racial or ethnic stereotypes.

Last week in New York some kids threw rocks at a school bus. But because the kids throwing and the kids in the bus were both black, the press dropped the story fast. Kids throw rocks at buses all the time. No big deal. But add a "white gang" to the recipe, and presto. It is understandable that the New York Post reporters, working against a tight deadline and getting their information over the phone, might have overplayed and misunderstood a story of unruly children and exasperated men. It is even understandable that the Post's follow-up story should fail to report the sequence of events on 101st Avenue, and capture the anger of the residents there by quoting a "white housewife" who saw "one kid spit out the window once."

What is less understandable, and far more intriguing, is the raging hatred for the "pipe-wielding brutes masquerading as human beings" in the editorial pages of the News, Times, and

Post. The editorial writers had time to reflect, to find out the facts. They did neither. They seized the chance to vent their pent-up emotions in venomous broadsides against an imaginary gang of racists. Very curious. One senses as much suppressed fear and anger in the writers of those editorials as must have existed in the men who threw the oil and broke the windows. The men were responding to a specific situation in a specific, and foolish, way. The editorial writers were lashing out, like monks attempting to scourge themselves of sin. Could they really have felt such intense hatred for those few white men in queens? Or were other emotions eating away at them as well? Were they unloading on the people of 101st Avenue a barrage of abuse which, because of racial politics, they could not aim at groups of people who trouble them far, far more?

We have already reached the point where the stupidities of racial politics ask us to believe that parents in Canarsie whose children attend a 30 per cent black school are racists. Overcrowding, reverse racial imbalance, all phony issues. They must be racists. They must be. Egged on by editorials written in the vocabulary of Armageddon, racial politics pushes us closer and closer to a situation where a normal release of tensions is impossible, closer and closer to total surrender or total war.

GRADUATE RECORD EXAM
College Board (SAT) Prep
H.S. Equivalency Prep

STUDENT SKILLS CENTERS Est. 1952
Bklyn. 852-1200 L.I. (516) 764-4884
85 Fifth Ave., N.Y.C. 679-5935
Study Skills, Reading, Tutoring, All Subjects
Workshop Typing — progress at own pace.

READ FASTER \$50

5 weeks guaranteed course. DOUBLE or TRIPLE your speed Understand more, retain more Nationally known professor Class forming now

READING SKILLS 864-5112

SPANISH

At the
CLUB DEL LIBRO EN ESPANOL
All native teachers

Our Spanish courses "are the best available in NYC"
WHO SAYS SO?
OUR STUDENTS DO!

Phone 687-5892 and ask
NOW
for a
FREE SAMPLE LESSON

321E, 45th St. Suite 14-C N.Y.C.

A Career In Fashion



Study days/eves at BARBIZON. Be a Buyer, Fashion Coordinator, Int. Decorator, Display Dir., Fashion Editor. Earn as you learn. Send for 32 pg. book "A Career in Fashion." No obligation. Use coupon or PHONE JU 2-0900

**BARBIZON SCHOOL OF FASHION
MERCHANDISING**
574 Fifth Avenue, Dept. VV111
New York, N.Y. 10036

name _____
address _____
city _____
state _____ zip _____
HS Senior () Grad () Equiv ()
phone _____ age _____

get involved with the kibbutz

a unique social experiment in cooperative living which strives for personal and community self-realization.

Kibbutz ulpan | Temporary workers

A six-month program. Living, working. A month or more.

AGE: 18 to 35 COST: Transportation DATES: Year round

Experiment in kibbutz living | Short summer kibbutz ulpan

7-week Summer. 8 day Tour.

Living with peer group.

Ages 16-17. Cost \$790

9 weeks. 5 hours a day work.

2 hours Hebrew. 1 week Tour.

Ages 18-25. Cost \$600

For information and application:

NIMROD KATZ • KIBBUTZ ALIYA DESK

575 6th Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10011 • (212) 255-1338

GET RICH AT COLLEGE

Become the Voice's subscription sales representative at your college. Make \$2.00 for every Voice subscription you sell. Call collect (212/WA 4-4669) or write to our college office for the details.

80 University Place, New York, N.Y. 10003